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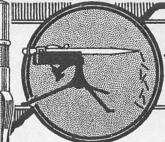
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MONTE CARLO: WHERE SPRING REIGNS ETERNALLY.



A CHIEF ATTRACTION OF MONTE CARLO: THE SEA-FRONT TERRACES, FASHION'S RENDEZVOUS IN THE EARLY MORNINGS.



THE BAY OF MONTE CARLO AND THE TOWN, WITH A VIEW OF CAP MARTIN AND THE ITALIAN RIVIERA IN THE DISTANCE.

Monte Carlo is now as easy to reach as our British resorts. Through trains are run daily by the S.E. and C. Ry., from Victoria. Every taste in amusement may be gratified. The finest artistes, of international reputation, may be heard in opera under the able direction of M. R. Gunsbourg. Concerts and symphoniques are given every day, directed by MM. Léon Jéhin, G. Lauweryns and Maestro Louis Ganne. Lighter entertainment, in the shape of operettes, light comedies, the Russian ballet, and opera ballets are likewise a feature of the many distractions Monte Carlo affords; while there is always dancing for the worshippers of Terpsichore.



Monte Carlo is replete with the best hotels on the Riviera. Foremost among them is the "Hôtel de Paris," communicating with the famous Casino by a covered way. A similar means of communication exists between the hotel and the Sporting Club. Monte Carlo also has its thermal establishment for those requiring a "cure." It is under the direction of a medical specialist, and is unique of its kind. For the motoring visitor there is the "Auto Riviera," the largest and one of the best-managed garages in the world. Over the "Auto Riviera" are the La Festa tennis courts, where some of the world's finest players compete.

A GREAT FEATURE OF "MONTE"—THE MOUNT AGEL GOLF COURSE.
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No. 1560 - Vol. CXX.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW VICE-CHAMBERLAIN OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD: MRS. DOUGLAS HACKING.

Captain Douglas Hacking, O.B.E., is the new Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household, in succession to the Rt. Hon. W. Dudley Ward, P.C. He has represented the Chorley Division of Lancashire since 1918, and was Parliamentary Private Secretary to of Newchurch-in-Rosendale. [Photograph by Bassano.]

the Minister of Pensions in 1919, at the Admiralty in 1920, and to the Secretary of State for War in 1921. Mrs. Hacking, who was married in 1909, is the elder daughter of Mr. H. H. Bolton,



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

SPEAK MY MINO .. "

TO-DAY'S CHRISTMAS TALK.

OU probably suppose that there is absolutely nothing new to say about Christmas.

You are absolutely right.

But that is no reason for not talking about it. There is absolutely nothing new to say about Love, yet people are always talking about Love.

Christmas and Love should go hand in

I don't say they do, invariably, but there can be no manner of doubt that they should.

And it is quite easy to make Love and Christmas join hands if you will only remember that we all have to get through Christmas as best we can.

You are not the only sufferer. For everybody above the age of, say, thirty, Christmas is a tour de force. We have to steel ourselves not to think of the Christmas days of our youth.

The moment you begin to get sentimental about Christmas, you're done. When I say, therefore, that Love and Christmas. mas should join hands, I do not mean Sentimental Love. I mean Sympathetic Lové.

If you can only remember that the man next door was once young, even as you were, and that he is being snowed under with bills, even as you are, your heart will go out to him.

Not far, perhaps, but far enough for him to hear it beating through the wall. That will reassure him. He will learn that, after all, you have one. On Wednesday, December 27,

when you emerge from your front door and turn moodily in the direction of the railway station, he will remember.

He will say to himself, "That

chap looks just as rotten as ever, but I know he has a heart, because I heard it beating through the wall on Christmas Day.

He will not speak to you, having a slight portion of tact, but if you drop your umbrella he will be quite likely to pick it up. And then you will smile and thank him, and a warm friendship may have been initiated.

Before you know where you are he will be drinking your whisky. It might develop into a sort of perpetual Christmas. Your heart may beat to such an extent that you will get a touch of aortitis. Never mind. Better than having no heart at all.

And then there are the dear little children. Christmas is the children's festival. It is sacred to children.

child. That must come to you instinctively or not at all. But you can get a temporary loan of one in exchange for a really fine box of chocolates.

If you want to be popular with children at Christmas, be careful not to display affection. Nothing bores them so much. They hate to be fussed and petted. They take all that for granted.

Saving your vanity, the best way to be popular with children, at Christmas or any other time, is to be funny.

The sloppy Uncle stands no chance



LEADER OF THE AMATEUR ORCHESTRA AND MEMBERS OF THE WINDSOR STROLLERS REHEARSING: LADY CRUTCHLEY, MR. RALPH ALDERSON, MISS ROSEMARY GOSCHEN, AND SIR WILLIAM LEESE, AND LADY JOAN PETHERICK AT THE PIANO.

The Windsor Strollers gave their annual performance at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, last week. Our snapshots, which were taken at a rehearsal of "Buried Treasure," show some prominent members of the company. Lady Crutchley is the wife of General Sir Charles Crutchley, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. Sir William Leese, of Send Home, Send, Surrey, is the second Baronet; and Lady Joan Petherick, who led the orchestra, is the married daughter of the Earl and Countess of Radnor, and the eldest of their ten children.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]

> whatever. The lavish Uncle is popular all round the pockets. But the funny Uncle is real and satisfying. If he is really funny.

And they all know it.

Do not believe people who tell you that It is impossible to buy the heart of a children have changed. They have not. The

more ridiculously idiotic you make yourself, the more they will laugh. If you can manage to hurt yourself a little, and show it, they will vell.

But don't go too far. I knew an Uncle once whose nephews and nieces had a very keen sense of humour. This Uncle kept on trying to beat his own records. The height of the fun was reached when he deliberately fell backwards into a bath filled with water.
Two of the children had fits. The doctor

said the Uncle must be kept from them until they were fully recovered. The parents,

naturally, were furious and bundled him out of the house. He returned to his club a saddened man. He had meant so well.

As for the poor, them you have always with you-so long as you do the right thing at Christmas. It is better to have them with you than against you.

In conclusion, I wish you a happy Christmas. If you can't be happy, bluff. Elongate your mouth sideways. Hardly any-body will know that you are not really smiling.
The best of luck.

I had a long Christmas in and very in-Russia. teresting talk a few days ago with a man who has first-hand knowledge of present-day Russia. He made no attempt to colour his pictures; they were just tiny sketches.

Here is a thing. Long enough ago all the water-pipes in the houses burst, nobody having troubled to turn off the water when the frost came. These pipes have never been mended, wherefore sanitary arrangements don't exist.

The mills and factories, when they work at all, work two days only in the week. It is useless to work longer, because the supply would exceed the demand. The people want the goods, but can't pay for them, and export trade has ceased.

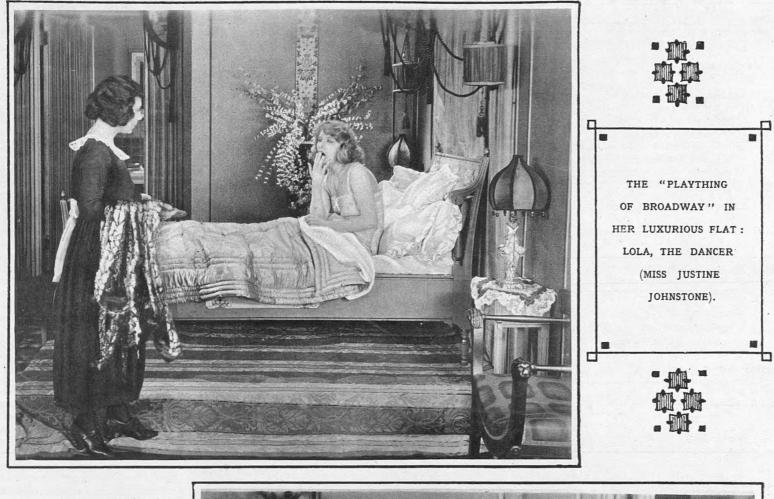
The people in the country fare better than those in the towns. They grow sufficient stuff for their own needs. If they grew more the authorities -God save the mark !--would step in and confiscate it. So they content themselves with just enough. The town dwellers

My friend showed me a note marked "10,000 roubles." He said it might be worth, if any-

thing, a halfpenny. Nobody in Russia deals in anything under a million. That might be ninepence or a shilling.

Are you discontented with poor old England? Ponder these facts.

A Prize Story of Regeneration: A "Plaything" at Home.







"The Plaything of Broadway" is the first Realart picture in which Miss Justine Johnstone, the film star known as America's Queen of Beauty, has been featured. The plot is the story of Lola, the daring dancer, and Plaything of Broadway, and how, in trying to win a bet to make Dr. Bruce Jennings (Mr. Crauford Kent) fall in love with her, she "finds

herself" and learns that her soul is of more importance than her body. The exciting story is unrolled partly in the Thirty Club, an exclusive American night club where the millionaires dissipate their wealth, and partly in the slums, where Dr. Jennings works, and Lola goes to aid him, and finally learns to love him.

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Elinor Glyn's "Great Moment" Released: The Author.



MRS. KENNEDY (MRS. GLYN'S MOTHER), LADY FLAVIA GIFFARD, MRS. ELINOR GLYN, AND LORD TIVERTON (L. TO R.).



THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT MOMENT"—JUST RELEASED:



IN HER LONDON GARDEN: ELINOR GLYN AND HER MOTHER.

"The Great Moment," the new film by Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the well-known novelist, is released this week. It features Gloria Swanson, and gives that clever star the opportunity for displaying her very considerable gifts. Mrs. Glyn is shown in our page at her charming house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. She is the widow of the late Mr. Clayton Louis Glyn, and the



THE AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS": MRS. ELINOR GLYN AT HOME.

daughter of the late Mr. Douglas Sutherland, of Toronto. Mrs. Glyn's two daughters are Lady Davson, the wife of Sir Edward Davson, and Lady Williams, the wife of Sir Rhys Williams, D.S.O., K.C. Lady Flavia Giffard and Lord Tiverton are the children of the second Earl of Halsbury.

To Marry Lady Porchester's Brother.



Miss Eileen Carr is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Carr, of 54, Upper Brook Street, W. She is engaged to Mr. Jack Wendell, son of the late Mr. J. Wendell, of New York, and of Mrs. Wendell. Mr. Wendell's sister, Miss Catherine Wendell, is now Lady Porchester, as it

will be remembered that her marriage to the son of the Earl of Carnarvon, who has just made the wonderful discoveries in Egypt, took place this year at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and was one of the most important events of the specially brilliant season,—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]





SHOWING THE PIPE AND LAMP: AN OPIUM-SMOKER'S ROOM.





THE FAN-TAN OFFICE OF A CHINESE BOARDING MASTER.



HIS NATIONAL HABIT: A CHINESE SEAMAN INDULGING IN A PIPE.

DOPE, fan-tan, and opium dens are all supposed to have a glamour; but the Chinatown which forms part of the life of any great port holds much that is ordinary as well as sinister, and a trifle which is romantic. Our page illustrates this. Mr. Somerset Maugham, in his latest book, "On a Chinese Screen," points out that an opium den may also be a correct place; he calls the resort which he saw, "a cheerful spot—comfortable, home-like, and cosy"!

THE BEAUTY OF THE EAST IN CARDIFF CHINATOWN: A CONFUCIUS SHRINE.

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PLUS FORTY-FOUR FASHIONS: BY DONTKILL SPECKBORED.

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

The Return of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten.



GUESTS AT BROADLANDS: MRS. WIGAN ACTS AS LOADER.



LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN'S STEP-MOTHER:
MRS. WILFRID ASHLEY.



DECORATING MRS. ASHLEY'S HAT WITH A WOODCOCK'S FEATHER: MR. CLARENCE FRENCH.



WITH HIS DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW: COLONEL WILFRID ASHLEY.

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten's many friends and relatives are delighted that they are back again in England after their wonderful honeymoon trip in the United States, which they have traversed from Niagara Falls to the Grand Canyon, Arizona, Los Angeles, and Florida. They arrived at Southampton in the "Olympic," and immediately motored to Broadlands, the residence of Colonel Wilfrid



ENJOYING A CHAT: LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND MRS. ASHLEY.

Ashley, the father of Lady Louis Mountbatten, and watched the shooting before proceeding to Bournemouth, where they spent the week-end. Mrs. Wigan, who was one of the guests at Broadlands, is the wife of General Wigan, and the eldest daughter of Mr. Harry Henderson. She is a niece of Lord Faringdon. Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley is the daughter of Mr. Walter Spencer.—[Photographs by C.N.]

A Family Study.



Viscountess Ednam is the wife of Viscount Ednam, M.P., M.C., eldest son of the Earl of Dudley, and is the daughter of the fourth Duke of Sutherland. She was married in 1919, and the Hon. William Humble 1921, was born in 1894.

David Ward, who is shown with her in our portrait study, was born in 1920. Lord Ednam, who has represented Hornsey since November 1921, was born in 1894.



ales with a

A PERFECT GEM. BY ROBERT E. HEWES.

7ELMA was waiting that evening when Lindham arrived. She rose from an armchair before a bright wood fire and held out her hands; she looked just the same, he saw at once . . . warm ivory and cool roses.

You're here." Her voice was a sigh of welcome. He had meant to be brusque, to stay but a minute, he had not even given the maid his hat; now he found Velma taking it from him as a matter of course,

and drawing him to a chair.
"I got your note," he said simply. He forgot he had intended to ask her why she wanted to see him, and sank back in the cushioned chair with a restful feeling of relief and looked at Velma.

She was not even gowned formally, but wore a white house creation of some fairy soft stuff . . . herself, the soft shadowed room, it was all the same-homey.

The maid came in with a little table which she set beside the fire. There was a chocolate

set—and figs, "You used to like them," Velma smiled as

he looked up.
"You're a brick, Velma," he told her; " always thinking."

She stepped to the lamp then and switched the light to dim; she came back and sat opposite him, and the firelight coloured themred and shadow.

"Do you mind if I call you Lindy, like I used to?'

"As if I would have you call me anything

"Then I'll be Vel . . again . . for to-night." She laughed. "You owe me a night, you know."

They both laughed then, and he forgot to marvel at their ease. How naturally they took up the thread where it had been broken a year ago . . . a year . . . he looked at her . . . it seemed only last night that she had been sitting there opposite him, clasping her knees and studying his face.
"You 've not changed much," she decided;

"you look a little-firmer-that is all."

'And you," he observed, "not at all: unless it is your eyes; they are-deeper. She looked into the fire and smiled.

Then she poured him out chocolate, and he ate a fig from her fingers.
"It tastes like old times," he said.

She smiled again.

"We did have good times, didn't we? After I was through at the theatre we would come here and sit and talk . . . you remember how I used to read poetry to you?"

He did remember, and he had enjoyed their little evenings together. She had fitted into his life very well then-he had not yet been making much money, and she was not expensive; yet she was a woman to be a friend, to go to places with, occasionally. As if reading his thoughts, she said-

"We never went to cabarets much; you wanted to come here and be at home. would rather have been out there where the lights glittered, and . . . I was young, I wanted to dance . . . to be gay . . . but I came here with you"

He looked at her face a little curiously.

" I thought-

"Ah," she smiled, "it was what you wanted that counted."

"You always were a brick, thinking of

She turned her head a little and looked into the fire for a moment.

"I have been too much so, for my own she said. "Others have got ahead, I am still here "-she made a little gesture.

He leaned towards her impulsively. He

felt it was safe to tell her now.
"You're too . . . too . . ." he searched for a word.

"Conscientious, maybe?" she suggested with a light laugh.

He laughed with her.

Well, you've got to have nerve to get by in this world . . . it doesn't give you anything you don't take."

He lighted a cigarette and smoked, smiling.

She looked at him.
"The papers say you made a million in the Street last year"—her voice was wondering. " Is that how you did it?"

He smiled at her, a little amused.
"You know," he said; "I've always looked out for myself."

She smiled.

"And now you are rich, while I . . . I am the same, not much higher on the stage. You never allowed pleasure to interfere with business; I have given too much time to others . . . outside my art."

She leaned back in the chair, and her face was dim in the shadows. She spoke again: "I have always hoped-expected . . ." she turned quickly, "perhaps I have expected too much . . . to be given."

For a while she was reflective, then she turned to him.

"It does not seem so long since we sat here, together; but I have been out on the road for a year, you have been busy, and now you are to be married."

He leaned forward to toss his cigarette into the fire, and the flames outlined the firm cast of his features and showed the hardness in his grey eyes.

Tell me, what is she like?"

He straightened.
"Helen is," he hesitated, "all woman." She smiled softly.

"I have seen her pictures in the Society pages. She is beautiful-prominent.'

He reflected. Yes, she was just that. She would mean much to him in a social way; he could be proud of her in the expensive places he could now afford. He could give her much; she would give him much.
"Do you love her?"—the question came

unexpectedly. He was unprepared. "Love?" he said; "oh, that stopped.

She smiled.

"Ah," she said, "you still hold to your old philosophy of life—that we all take . . what we can?"

He turned quickly, flushing a little. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Ah, you're not going to be angry with me?" Her face was close to his, and he looked into her brown eyes . . . then he smiled.

"You remember what I said about the world not giving what is not taken."

She laughed then, and held a fig to his lips. He ate it slowly; then she thrust it all into his mouth with a quick little laugh.

"There," she said. Then he caught her hand . . . he was smiling as he leaned closer.

" She placed her free hand ' Vel--against his breast.

"Naughty — what would your fiancée say?"
"But she's not here!"

He bent over her quickly, and she turned her face slightly . . . his lips brushed her cheek. He felt her fumbling at his tie, then she drew back laughing, a little ringlet of hair falling across her face. She held up the pin. In the firelight the stone glittered cold white.

"The first time you ever kissed me," she said, "I felt it press against my neck, so cool and sweet . . . I always remembered it." She looked up at him. "I'd like something of yours, to keep."

He looked uncomfortable.
"I'd be glad," he said; "but Helen knows I have that-she'd ask questions."

She pinned it on her blouse.

"For to-night, any way," she sighed. She rose then, and, going to a little bookcase, came back with a volume of poetry.

"It's Rossetti," she said; "you liked him

While she read he leaned back and watched the soft change of light and shadow on her face. He forgot Helen, everything-then, suddenly, he realised that she had stopped reading and was speaking to him. The little cuckoo clock on the mantel was clamouring vigorously.

She closed the book quickly.

"Our night is slipping away," she said, our one night. . . . It is time to go to Terry's. . . . I can dress in a minute."

"I hadn't thought——" he began, a little

guiltily.

ham smoked.

She smiled. "I 'phoned this afternoon that we should want a table - the little one in a corner where we always sat. And Oscar-will wait on us." She turned and disappeared through the curtained doorway, and Lind-

It was like her, he thought, asking only a pleasant night, a bit of supper. Some women would want...the moon. Now, Helen.... He turned.

Velma was standing in the door, drawing on her gloves and looking sweet and fresh in a belted street coat.

"I'm ready," she said simply. He remembered that she had always been ready. She had never kept him waiting. "I 'phoned for a taxi," she said.

They found the machine waiting, and he felt a swift rush of the old, proud, pleasurable thrill as he helped her into it.

She sighed as she sank back in the cushions.

"I might have a car of my own," she said, "if I hadn't been so . . . conscientious."

At Terry's their table was ready, back a little, where they could be alone; but set against wall mirrors, where they might observe.

Oscar was waiting, and he bowed and smiled as though it were but the past night that he had last served them. They had oysters and a salad, and there followed several courses, all of which Lindham ate of heartily, with an appetite that surprised himself.

The dessert was a simple fruit dish; he remembered that Velma never ate any otherrich ones were bad for her complexion. Then they sat, saying little, sipping grape-juice and listening to the music.

"They have an orchestra now," she observed.

violin—even Terry is progressing."
"He has to," said Lindham, "or be left behind." Continued on page air.

Bonzo's Latest: This Week's Studdy.



BONZO GIVES TONGUE.

Bonzo meets a mask!

Specially Drawn for "The Sketch" by G. E. Studdy.

"The Bonzo Book," being the third of the Studdy Dog Portfolios, is now ready

"Living a Rover, Dying when Fair Things are Fading."



The fairy grace of a butterfly, which inspired Thomas Haynes Bayley to write the lines which head this page, is not easily evoked by a human dancer, but Mrs. Irene Castle Treman's thistledown lightness and dainty form can call it into being on the stage, as our photographs show. Not

only is her dress the "genuine article" from the point of view of butterfly fashions, but her motions, her flickering daintiness and suggestion of winged speed, are perfection. She is thoroughly convincing as a butterfly, and has had a great success in New York.

A "Bully" Bit of Mittened Fascination.



AS DORIS DE LISA IN HER "DANCE OF THE BULL": MISS MAE MURRAY.

Miss Mae Murray, the well-known film star, is seen at her attractive best in "Fascination," which was recently released. She plays the rôle of Doris de Lisa, and interprets the character of the adventurous modern young woman with great skill and charm. Our page shows her in the remarkable costume she wears in the Cabaret Scene, in which she performs a daring and

brilliantly clever "Dance of the Bull," in honour of the toreador. The attraction of her strange horned head-dress, silver maillot, and Spanish shawl are well illustrated in our photograph. The black lace mask and mittens which complete the costume should be noted. The mittens are specially "amusing" as an addition to a daring gown.



HOPE DI

FROM THE PAINTING BY LEO FONTAN. Electron of Reschal and I



FERRED.

ENTITLED "PLAISIR DE CAMPAGNE."

Delebarre, 21, Rue Joubert, Paris.)

We Apologise!



THE LAST BEAVER OF THE GREAT BEAVER YEAR!

DRAWN BY H. H. HARRIS.

Forward - the Knight Errant!



THE LITTLE LADY AND THE BIG PILLAR-BOX: A CHRISTMAS-POST PROBLEM.

Photograph by A. Jewson, Nottingham.

Great Grandmamma's Flirtation.



L'ADIEU.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR WATTS.

The End of a Golfing Year.

By R. Endershy Howard.





For This Relief . . . A little while ago I was in a train on the way back from Sunningdale. The compartment was comfortably full of golfers—all golfers save a detached individual in the

all golfers save a detached individual in the corner who looked up distractedly at intervals from the columns of his newspaper. As usual, the talk was wholly of the day's doings on the links. Everybody went into detail about his match; the man who had reached the green

with a mashie at one hole where the others confessed they had taken irons found an oppor-tunity to mention the fact at least ten times; a reference to a sliced drive produced a long debate as to what Braid said you should do with your hips and arms to cure slicing; and, on the other hand, what Vardon and Taylor said about it; the best holes on the course were discussed to the full; and somebody was just showing the company an infallible way of grip-ping the club for the holing of short putts when, at Clapham Junction, the individual in the corner rose to leave. He closed the door behind him, and put his head through the window. "Thank heaven, gentlemen," he said, "I'm not a golfer."

I suppose that A Bright the profundity Picture. with which the golfer meditates on his game and discusses possible means of improving it never will cease to be a source of wonderment to the lay soul. Still, even our friend in the corner would be satisfied with the spirit of the links at Christmastide. It is the one season of the year when a ruling passion becomes a light-hearted pastime. The other day I was reading a description of golf in a peptonised encyclopædia which imparts its information in the smallest possible tabloids. "Golf, some say, is a game of the leisured or middle-aged; but it is in-dulged in with increasing zest by persons irrespective of age, sex, or rank. The pleasure of a three-miles walk over wellkept, breezily situated links, and the fascinations of driving,

putting, and all else belonging to the golf game possess a charm for many statesmen and others ordinarily engaged in exacting professional pursuits." "Golf is played with quite a number of implements, carried by an attendant caddie." "When the ball comes to rest behind a bunker or in long grass, and has therefrom to be got to the hole, the special club devised for the purpose has to be skilfully employed." "Fondness for the game having once been acquired, it certainly furnishes a healthful and not too exacting outdoor relaxation, usually with very agreeable surroundings. Each player uses a separate ball."

Cheerful Competition. These things must surely have been written in the atmosphere of a Christmas

golfing holiday, they are so redolent of peace and goodwill. At any other season, even the most philosophic statesman who had been striving for weeks to cure an attack of topping would writhe mentally to find his efforts thus gaily summarised. But it is a true reflection of Christmas golf, of which there will be much—in truth, I think more than ever—during the festival of 1922. Several clubs are holding open amateur tournaments. It may seem a very stern proceeding to set people in earnest rivalry at such a period as this, and time them to be on the first teeing ground at nine o'clock on Boxing Day morn-

CAPTAIN OF THE CROWBOROUGH BEACH GOLF CLUB: THE HON. MRS. OSMUND SCOTT.

The Hon. Mrs. Osmund Scott, who is the Captain of the Crowborough Beach Golf Club, is the wife of the second surviving son of the Earl of Eldon, and is the daughter of the late Commander Dudley Charles Stuart, R.N. She was married in 1906, and has five sons and one daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Osmund Scott live at High Broom, Crowborough, Sussex.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

ing. But they will be lured to it by the prospect of what the encyclopædist calls "a healthful and not too exacting recreation." Nearly all the seaside hotels which cater particularly for golfers report that they are fully booked; it is certain that the inland courses will be crowded. And I hope that there will be competitions such as that which used to take place on Christmas morning at Neasden, where everybody had to return his card, and the only prize was a sucking-pig—for the worst score.

A Feminine
Triumph.

Marks the happy end of another chapter in the game's history; it impels us in some odd

five minutes to reflect on the happenings of the year. What have been the main features of golf during the past twelve months?

From the point of view of individual performances, I really think there has been nothing to equal the position which Miss Joyce Wethered, the new lady champion, has taken in the game. It is not too much to say that, shot after shot, round after round, and week after week, Miss Wethered has been hitting the ball more truly than any other player, woman or man, in Britain. In the consistency of her brilliance, she is like nobody so much as Harry Vardon in his heyday—

which was nearly a quarter of a century ago.

The Amateur Champion's Conclusion.

Naturally, she would be beaten on level terms by

a first-class golfer in the ranks of men. The male sex is still the heftier, and strength still counts for a good deal in golf. Still, it is certain that there is no amateur who can give Miss Wethered six strokes in a round, and that is a tremendous tribute to her ability.

Mr. E. W. Holderness told me recently that he had tried twice to concede that number to her, and had come to the conclusion that the thing was

impossible.

By no means let us assert glibly that Miss Wethered is a better player than Miss Cecil Leitch was at any time in her career. But, after having seen all the leading golfers a good many times this season, I am convinced that she is the truest hitter of the ball in the whole country. If she had been born to be a man, what triumphs might have been hers!

Obscured Promise.

It would need a superoptimist to soar into ecstasies about the signs of amateur golf among the men. The promise of 1920, when Mr. C. J. H. Tolley kept the British Amateur Championship at home by beating Mr. Robert Gardner, of Chicago, in the final; and of 1921, when Mr. R. H. Wethered came within a stroke of winning the Open Championship, has been somewhat obscured.

For excellence of style and methods, as well as results, Mr. Holderness unquestionably deserves his position as champion; his succession to the title is the more creditable from the fact that, except at holiday time, his golf is virtually limited to week-ends. Of young players with the stamp of top-sawyers there is a singular scarcity; and exactly the same remark applies to professional golf.

If Britain is to regain supremacy next season in that walk of the game, to whom can she look beyond George Duncan and Abe Mitchell?

However, there are doubtless as good times in store as any that have gone. If we cannot believe that, we do not deserve a Christmas.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I. "HAWLEY'S OF THE HIGH STREET," AT THE APOLLO.

"We have been descending for ages."

A QUEER fish in our dramatic pond is Mr. Walter Ellis. He makes you feel like the refrain of "E dunno' where 'e are." He amuses you one minute, irritates you the next; often he is funny without being vulgar—behold the line on top, Mrs. (H)Awley's description of her ancestry to the Viscount whom she angled, baited, and caught for her daughter; all too often he is almost vulgar without being funny, at any rate from the stalls' point of view. He can draw

characters if he likes; but he is inclined to overdo his caricatures - was there ever in these days such a "Zoo" collection as the guests of the Hawleys'? and then there is a strange contrast on the stage which may make some gods laugh, but rather irritates most mortals. Hence, perhaps, the complete failure of " A Little Bit of Fluff." in New York; while in London-more tolerant and not averse from "things which have no meaning or else two "-it was the joy of diners and suburban gay dogs and damsels for hundreds of nights. Yet, when all this is said, there remains the fact that Walter Ellis is deucedly clever, and that if he would sweep out his brain-pan-as the man with the duster broomed Downing Street-and set his house in order, he would write an exceedingly clever play. He has the sense of the theatre to a remarkable degree; he can say the quaintest and 'cutest things with a simple twist of his dialogue; and he is a real satirist when he does not allow his exuberant humour to run away with good taste. With a little more discretion, the second actthe dinner party and after-could have vied with that masterpiece of Anstey's, "The Man from Blankley's." was just the difference between done and overdone.

Some capital figures stood out in this picture of middle-class monkeying and flunkeying to a Lord-the very normal, simple - mannered hero of the play. Capital, the father of Mr. Edward Irwin; capital, with a pathetic touch softening common manners, the mother of Miss Clare Greet; capital, the poor sister, a schoolmistress with romance behind her, of Miss Elsie Credy; capital, Mr. Francis Lister as the Viscount: and several others revelling in their caricatures. Not quite so good was the well-bred daughter of the High Street bourgeois, Miss Alice Moffat. She was a little stiff and a little stodgy-the ingénue as she used to be when our stage folk were less easy and flexible than to-day. Among a band of very experienced actors, she seemed an amateur (which she is not); she should get someone to tune her up. I think

the talent is there right enough, but it requires the match to the powder-magazine.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA," AT THE OLD VIC.

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale Her infinite variety."

 $I^{\rm T}$ is this "infinite variety" in Shakespeare's great portrait of a great woman that has provided so many pitfalls for the actress who, greatly daring,

would scale the heights and plumb the depths of Egypt's immortal Queen. For Cleopatra, as she glows out from the shifting background of intrigue, passion, and warfare, can be as petty as she is imperious, cowardly as she is courageous; she can sink to cunning and cupidity; she can and does rise to nobility and tragic dignity. Truly a diamond of so many facets that its brilliance might well bewilder even an experienced artist. It is therefore a real achievement if a young actress not only avoids the pitfalls, but gives us of her best when most is demanded of her. I do not remember seeing Miss Esther Whitehouse in a leading part before; but after her remarkable—in some of its aspects even memorable—performance as



THE SINISTER AND HAND-LESS CAPTAIN HOOK: MR. LYN HARDING AS BARRIE'S PIRATE.

Mr. Lyn Harding is this year's Captain Hook in the Christmas production of Barrie's classic, "Peter Pan," promised for Dec. 21 (to-morrow), at the St. James's. Our photograph shows his splendidly sinister make-up. He has an easier task than Mr. Arthur Bourchier as Stevenson's pirate, for he has only to hide one hand; while Long John Silver has to be shown with but one leg!—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

Cleopatra, I hope her undoubted dramatic and emotional gifts will find full scope. Royal Egypt's lament over her dead lover lingers in my memory; her death scene was full of poignant beauty. If in her earlier scenes she did not always convey the fatal fascination of the woman who could nod an Antony back to her side, she was always interesting. We felt the masterful mentality that must have been Cleopatra's keenest weapon; a small, frail figure, she managed to be regal even in her railings. In short, judged as a whole, it was a piece of work that should form a stepping-stone in Miss Whitehouse's career.

I did not care for Mr. Wilfrid Walter's Antony. The inwardness of the part seemed to escape him, and the tragedy of this passion-driven soldier became pictorial rather than felt. Moreover, he used his fine voice so consciously that his delivery seemed to grow into a sort of chant as the play proceeded. On the other hand, I have nothing but praise for Mr. Robert Atkins's fine production. Not many producers could have achieved such dignity of setting and created such atmosphere with such simple means. The Monument especially, by a mere device of drapery and lighting, was impressive in its seeming height and isolation. Well done, Robert Atkins! You have a great achievement to your credit.

IIL

"BATTLING BUTLER," AT THE NEW OXFORD THEATRE.

"Play the game, and play it for all it's worth."

NEVER did man take his own advice more thoroughly to heart than Jack Buchanan. The game is as old as the hills. None other than the venerable trick of the gay-dog husband who invents important business elsewhere in order to escape now and then from domesticity and an autocratic wife. The nature of the "important business" is the point of divergence in the hundreds of plays that have dealt with a similar theme. In the case of "Battling Butler," the much-married hero poses as a famous pugilist; whenever the latter goes into training, his volatile namesake reaps the benefit. A well-found excuse that provides a novel background and an up-to-date pugilistic atmosphere in the "Battle.'s" training quarters and in the Sporting Club. It should be placed on record that the authors, Messrs. Stanley Brightman and Austin Melford, have actually avoided the ubiquitous restaurant. For all that, the ancient game of marital hide-and-seek owes an immense amount to the way Mr. Buchanan plays itnobly aided and abetted by Miss Sydney Fairbrother-for all it 's worth. With quips and cranks, funny faces and dancing feet. And let me tell you that Miss Fairbrother dances as gaily and as gamely as anyone. To. see her join in a wild whirligig with Mr. Buchanan, to watch her gaze adoringly at her hero whilst he entrances her with an absurd love song, to witness the sham pugilist grow limp and limper as the prospect of a fight with the "Dixie Murderer" looms before him - to see these two real comedians, so delightfully naturally and unconsciously funny, is to understand how this particular game should be played to win. Mr. Philip Braham's music is always tuneful, and has a pleasant lilt to it.

Clever people — such as Mr. Frederick Ross, Mr. Austin Melford, Mr. Fred Leslie, and Mr. Fred Groves; charming people — such as Miss Peggy Kurton and Miss Sylvia Leslie—add lightness and brightness to the picture; but if "Battling Butler" won his fight (and he did) it was mainly due to the art, the grace, the humour of Jack Buchanan, and the delightful drollery of Sydney Fairbrother. "Battling Butler" is first rate of its kind. It is a show which keeps the audience amused from start to finish, and is well worth a visit from those who like a high-spirited farce.



No. XXVIII. "Treasure Island."



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Pocing "Plays of the Moment.





AS THE ONE-LEGGED LONG JOHN SILVER; WITH CAPTAIN FLINT, HIS "PIECES OF EIGHT"
PARROT: MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.



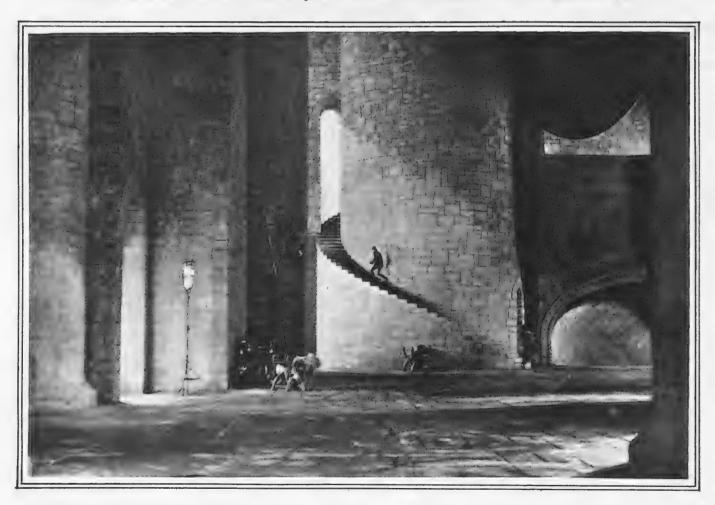
Mr. Arthur Bourchier is likely to make an ideal Long John Silver in the stage version of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," which is promised for December 23 at the Strand. The famous tale has been adapted by James Bernard Fagan and has a cast of thirty-two. Mr. Bourchier has had a good deal of difficulty in obtaining a parrot up to the part of Captain Flint, as it will be remembered that the bird has to swear

as well as utter its cry "Pieces of Eight"; but it is understood that a capable bird has now been found. John is, of course, a one-legged character, and Mr. Bourchier has to tuck away his left limb in a convincing manner—a harder task than that which Mr. Lyn Harding has to cope with as Captain Hook in "Peter Pan," at the St. James's, for he only has to get rid of a hand!

No. XXIX. Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood."



THE THUMBSCREW TORTURE: PRINCE JOHN WATCHES THE ORDEAL OF LADY MARION'S MAID.



A GORDON-CRAIGY SCENE IN THE WONDERFUL NEW FILM AT THE LONDON PAVILION: THE INTERIOR OF NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

"Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood," which was produced at the London Pavilion on Saturday, December 16, is one of the most enthralling pictures ever seen. The scenery alone is enough to make one gasp, for the mammoth set representing Nottingham Castle

outdoes any screen effects seen in the past. Douglas Fairbanks is a splendid Robin Hood, and has a dainty and charming Maid Marion in Enid Bennett. Our photograph shows that the Gordon Craig style is most effective for screen scenery.

No. XXX. "The Virgin Queen."



QUEEN ELIZABETH RECEIVES FOREIGN DIPLOMATS IN HER COUNCIL CHAMBER, WITH DUDLEY AT HER SIDE: LADY DIANA MANNERS AND MR. CARLYLE BLACKWELL.

Mr. J. Stuart Blackton's new picture, in which Lady Diana Manners is featured as Queen Elizabeth, will be seen shortly at a West End theatre. It is entitled "The Virgin Queen," and is a remarkable screen presentation of England under the arrogant and imperious Queen Bess. The question of setting and dress has been lavishly considered, and the

costumes—designed by Mrs. Blackton—are said to be the most elaborate ever made for any screen or stage production. Mr. Blackton wrote the story in collaboration with Mr. Harry Pirie-Gordon, a well-known historical authority. Lady Diana is reported to have sacrificed a portion of her eyebrows, in order to achieve the "high" Elizabethan eyebrows.

The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.



Cricket on the Hearth.

I have always maintained that the right time to publish a chatty volume

on cricket, or any other summer sport, is mid-winter. Whilst the long days of summer are with us, the little time we have to spare for reading about cricket and lawn-tennis and golf and the rest is given to the newspapers. But when the days shorten to a few miserable hours of murky gloom, and the cricket season is still months and months ahead, then there is an especial delight in reading tales of sportsmen we have known, or watched; or heard about.

Mr. F. B. Wilson's "Sporting Pie." there-

Mr. F. B. Wilson's "Sporting Me." therefore comes out at exactly the right moment. There, by way of frontispiece, is a photograph of Mr. A. J. Webbe, in a pair of rather tight flannel trousers, and a little striped blazer, and a little striped cap. A cricketer, by all that's marvellous! The collar of his blazer is turned up, but that does not mean Christmas. All collars

mean Christmas. All collars of all good cricketers always are turned up. You cannot be a first-class cricketer unless you turn up your collar the moment it comes from the tailor, and keep it turned up until the moths have devoured the foundations.

Mr. Webbe has written a preface to this book. Of the author he says: "I always have felt that if he had had the leisure to play cricket regularly he would have gone very near, if not quite, to represent England." I am quite sure he would. I am also sure that Mr. Webbe would go very near, if not quite, to getting ploughed at Harrow for English grammar. Not that grammar matters in the slightest when we are talking about really important things.

Mr. Wilson's Activities. You have only to look through this book to realise how utterly impossible it was for the author to give sufficient time to cricket to enable

him to qualify for his International cap. From Elstree to Harrow and from Harrow to Cambridge he was an exceedingly busy person. Squash racquets demanded much of his attention; then proper respect must be paid to fives, whilst ping-pong-occupied the evening hours. Few men, I imagine, can have been so busy from early youth with ball games of all sorts. It is much to Mr. Wilson's credit that he kept the various rules and strokes neatly and correctly segregated.

Unlike some athletes who have risen to awesome heights, our author always seems to have recognised that games can be funny. This sense of humour probably proved somewhat of a handicap to him in his career. Humour is always regarded with suspicion in this country, particularly on the cricketfield. Suppression of all human emotion—or, at any rate, the outward and visible sign of human emotion—is the ideal of every

first-class cricketer. A man has been known to lose his place in a county team for beating the air with his bat after missing a straight one. As for the cricketer who ventured to acknowledge applause with anything further than a quarter-inch movement of the brim of his cap, why, it is practically certain that half the old gentlemen in the pavilion would at once stop applauding and hurry to the bar for brandy. The more runs you have made, the sadder you must look as you walk back to the pavilion. That is an unwritten law, just as inexorable as the unwritten rule which lays it down that all cricketers mounting the steps of the pavilion after an innings shall do so in a series of leaps, taking not less than two steps at each leap. Nobody living ever saw a retiring hero—with the possible exception of W. G. Grace—walk up the pavilion steps.

"The Curate's Blow." Mr. Wilson scored his first laugh from me on page 14 with a most delightful phrase. "Every stroke at Tennis, Racquets, and

hat does not "Every stroke at Tennis, Racquets, and in the past, b

PRACTISING SHOTS AT THE NEW "KNOCK-UP" CORNERS, AT MONTE CARLO: MISS STEWART, MRS. MARIAN CRAWFORD, LADY EARDLEY WILMOT, MR. G. M. SIMOND, MISS MATHIESON SMITH, AND MR. W. G. HENLEY.

Lawn-tennis enthusiasts will much appreciate the new "knock-up" corners, for practising shots, which have been erected at Monte Carlo by the authorities. Our photograph shows some of the visitors at work improving their game. Mr. Simond is the manager of the courts, and Mr. W. G. Henley the secretary.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

Lawn Tennis," he says, "can be made with greater power and accuracy if the head of the racquet is higher than the wrist and the elbow nearer the ground than the wrist. This is not always, or nearly always, possible in any of the three games. But Peter Latham teaches it—and as a coach he stands alone—at Tennis and Racquets; and at Lawn Tennis the underhand drive—once known as the 'Curate's Blow'—survives now only in some impossibly remote vicarage."

I am glad of it. It was a stroke I could never accomplish with any success. But you see the impossibility of Mr. Wilson as a serious sportsman. Humour in politics or the Law Courts is all very well, but humour in athletics must be stopped at all costs. Supposing you were having a lesson in lawntennis from Mr. Wilson, and he suddenly said, "No, no, my lad! We don't use the underhand drive! We call that the 'Curate's Blow'!" Well, for the remainder of the

hour you would be all over the court, helpless with laughter. That sort of thing won't mix. Let all young athletes be warned by this book.

The Fearsome Gregory.

Mr. Wilson has no respect for Gregory, the Australian fast bowler, who inspired

a very fair imitation of respect in many English cricketers last year. I say "imitation," with intent, because I don't think respect was quite the word.

respect was quite the word.

"In 1921," he writes, "some lunatic is reported to have said that W. G. Grace never met bowlers quite like Macdonald and Gregory when he was at his best. I withdraw the word lunatic: it is true that W. G. never did meet bowlers quite like that on quite those wickets. That is the reason why he never made 300 in a Test Match, in all probability."

This little outburst, by the way, is supposed to be a defence of English sportsmen. Well, it may be a defence of English batsmen in the past, but I fail to see why those English

batsmen who did not score 300 off Gregory should wire their thanks to Mr. Wilson.

This Gregory business is all very well. I have seen batsmen who were never played in a Test Match score prettily and easily off Gregory; I am thinking more particularly of Mr. Young, the Eton master, and his great innings against the Australians on the Hove ground. Mr. Young is a smallish man, adopts a crouching, attitude, and invariably wears glasses. You would have said that he was jam for the leaping whirlwind of a bowler, but it was Mr. Young who made the jam.

On the other hand, I saw Gregory, when he was playing for the Imperial Forces, terrify out batsman after batsman, and I then ventured to prophesy that the result of the Test Matches would largely depend on Gregory. I was laughed to scorn by many aged cricketers with memories, who said there was no Australian cricketer named Gregory except the

celebrated Gregory, who was a small man. Since that time, they have heard, vaguely, of another.

Jessop. There is one paragraph in Mr. Wilson's book which all the world of cricketers, whether players or spectators, will read with delight. "I was told on good authority the other day that Jessop is able to play a couple of rounds of golf in a day now, which will come as great news to his very many friends. 'Jessopus' had the knack of making friends as well as compelling admirers. Last year his health was reported to be bad, but two rounds of golf a day sounds well enough."

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Jessop both took to journalism, and both used to play cricket, as occasion afforded, on the private cricket-ground at Sutton Place.

"I have told the story," writes Mr. Wilson, "of Jessop and the gardener's boy before now, but it must come out again. The Mail

Continued everleaf.

No. XXXI. "The Happy Ending."



THE BEAUTIFUL BACKWATER SCENE OF THE LAST ACT: MILDRED CRADOCK (ETHEL IRVING), UNCLE ANTHONY

(FRED KERR), PHYLLIS (JOAN CLARKSON), AND DENNY (JOHN WILLIAMS).



THE EXPERT BAMBOOZLER AT WORK: DALE CONWAY (ROBERT LORAINE) AND LAURA MEAKIN (JEAN CADELL).

Mr. Ian Hay's play, "The Happy Ending," at the St. James's, is the story of Mildred Cradock, the sweet woman whose husband has deserted her. Mildred has brought up her three children to believe that their father was a paragon, and that he lost his life in a shipwreck, saving a child. Naturally, she is sorely put to it when he returns, calling himself Dale Conway, and begins to play his old

games, and get money out of her friends. Conway threatens to corrupt his son if his wife impedes his plans. Molly, the favourite child, saves the situation by recounting the "legend" of her father's heroic death. Conway announces that he is going away—but gets no further than the river, for he saves a drowning child and dies in the way he is supposed to have done.

Continued.]
and Mirror were playing 'The Estate' it was before my time-on a day when there was a big garden party at Sutton Place. Some hundreds of people strolled down to see Jessop 'take tea' with 'The Estate,' for Jessop hitting was a sight to behold, one the like of which we shall probably none of us ever see again. The field was spread out in all directions. Jessop took guard and a casual look round and was ready to (He had, by the way, got over 200 in a first-class match that week, so the story runs.) The gardener's boy mustered up his courage, rushed at the wicket, shut his eyes and slung the ball-somewhere or anywhere. There was much clapping, and the gardener's boy opened his eyes and looked round to see in which direction the ball had gone for six. At last he looked at the wicket. Behold, the middle stump was lying on the floor and Jessop was stalking towards the pavilion. He had bowled Jessop



THE LITTLE ACTRESS - DAUGHTER OF MISS EVA MOORE: MISS JILL ESMOND MOORE.

Miss Jill Esmond Moore, who will play Nibs in the St. James's Theatre production of "Peter Pan," promised for to-morrow, Dec. 21, is the only daughter of Miss Eva Moore (Mrs. H. V. Esmond), the well-known actress. She has a brother called Jack.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

with a dead shooter. For a moment he was stunned: then with one mighty 'Hurrah,' he followed Jessop to the pavilion—turning Cartwheels."

"The Treasure of Golden Cap." Mr. Bennet Copplestone must be two people, one of whom wrote the modern part of this story, and the other the ancient tale that was found in the chest. The first hundred pages of the story simply tell of the manner in which the sea-chest and the story therein fell into the hands of two young people making holiday in Dorsetshire. It is written in that "precious" style that somehow reminds one of dropping accidentally into the midst of a family party where all the family are on very good terms with one another and all wags.

In this book, thank goodness, we have only two members of the family-a brother and sister. But they are tremendously fond of one another, which is delightful, of course, and talk in this way:

You 're late, Dickie,' said Betty severely, 'five minutes late.'

"'I had a puncture at Wimborne,' was his

poor excuse.
"' You should have allowed a margin,' said she, smiling tenderly upon the big brother as might a mother upon a small and erring child. 'I had no trouble, so I had to use up my margin by strolling along from

Charmouth. Still, it isn't bad timing to be

here within five minutes.'
"'It is jolly to meet you again, anyhow,

Betty,' said Dickie.
"'Same here, dear old thing,' replied she."

I ask myself, do they do it? Nothing private about it, and yet one seldom hears them. And do they do this?
""Not to say hot,"

exclaimed the lawyer, as he wiped away the perspiration which dripped into his eyes. 'Now, my dear infants, are you not pleased that you asked

me to help you?'
''' You are a perfect angel,' said Betty. Much too nice to be a lawyer.' She gave a hand to the solver She gave of mysteries and to her brother, and the three of them, linked hand to hand, danced round the sea-chest until brought up short by knocking their knees against its sharp corners.

All that part of it reminds me of a very badly produced comedy.

Then the other Mr. Copple-The Transformation. stone suddenly gets to work, and in Book II. we have a really delightful story of piracy on the high seas in the seventeenth century. This is supposed to be the bulky manuscript found in the old sea-chest, condensed and done into readable English by "some novelist fellow." I can only say that the novelist fellow has my warm admiration. His pictures of the life adventurous at sea in those days is perfectly, often beautifully, and most convincingly done. The salving of the little castaway girl lashed

to a piece of timber, her gradual ascendancy over the captain, the mate, and the crew, her cleansing of the ship, her cookery, her leavetaking, the misery of the lovelorn captain, her return, the marriage, the birth of their child, the captain's oath to abstain from piracy, his temptation and fall, his punishment, and the final tragedy of all—this is a

really fine story.
" Presently there was not a rat nor a pinch of visible dirt to the whole ship. Internally she shone white from copious draughts of limewash, and incidentally the men found that they could see to move about between decks as they never had seen before. There was, it was evident, some practical value in Marie's pas-sion for lime. The new sails and cordage came down from Bridport in barges, and when, under the eyes of Nutt and the boatswain, the Wild Swan had been

spring tide to float once more upon the seas. But she who had come aground a drab would float off as a dainty, white-dressed lady."

It all depends whether you can smell the new sails and cordage, whether you can see the Wild Swan floating off on the spring tide-whether, in fact, you have the sea in

your blood, and love to read tales of the sea and of "they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." And, even so, it does not follow that you are yourself a good sailor. Far, very far, from it.



PLAYING MABEL DANCY IN "LOYALTIES": MISS BEATRIX THOMSON.

Miss Beatrix Thomson is the young actress who has taken Miss Meggie Albanesi's part in "Loyalties," and is now appearing as Mabel, the wife of the unhappy Captain Dancy.

Photograph by Basil,

"Eve of Saba."

This, too, is a story of adventure, but a modern story, and the adventures, for most part, are on land. The hero is an engaging person who is always ready for a "scrap," or an intrigue with ladies.
London is too small to hold him, naturally, so he goes off with a company of operatic buskers. There is lovemaking on the ship, of course, to forward which he exchanges from the second to the first class. But the theatrical company is too small to hold him, so he tries "Bimuda," and comes in for another scrap.

And so he drifts, eventually, to Canada,

and gets a job at thirty-five dollars a week to sing in a picture-house whenever the manager cares to turn him on. Having made good, he meets his wife, who had promised to divorce him when he left England. But she has not divorced him. This is awkward, but the wife poisons herself with chloral, and the hero comes into a fortune. We leave him in the arms of the beautiful Eve, and that was the moment for which all his life had been but an unconscious preparation.

This sort of book leaves me stunned. Everybody goes at such a pace that one seems to get mere glimpses of them as they whirl by. Drink, slang, love, and fighting-I think



A FILM CONFERENCE: MR. CHARLES BRYANT (HUSBAND AND DIRECTOR OF NAZIMOVA); NATACHA RAMBOVA (THE WIFE OF RUDOLPH VALENTINO), AND ALLA NAZIMOVA.

Our photograph of three well-known personalities of the picture world is of great interest, especially in view of the big success which Rudolph Valentino has won in London in his Ibañez pictures. His charming wife is discussing film plans with Nazimova the fascinating, and her husband, Mr. Charles Bryant.—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]

rigged alow and aloft, she needed but a , that is a fair summary of the story, and should tell you whether it is your sort of story or not. If it is, all the better for the author and his publisher.

> Sporting Pie. By F. B. Wilson. (Chapman and Hall; 15s. net.) The Treasure of Golden Cap. By Bennet Copplestone. (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net.)

Eve of Saba. By Lester Ralph. (Parsons; 7s. 6d. net.)

A Blast from the East.



MRS. JILP: 'Eavins! Wot orful langwidge!

MRS. DILDGE: Orl right; it's only my Bill. 'E's allus a-trippin' over that prayer-mat. wot 'e brought 'ome from Mespotamia.!

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

Rugger.

heath. Do you suppose that Richmond—

the home side — will

have bedecked their

goal-posts with the red-

berried holly, or hung

from the cross-bar a

sprig of mistletoe, and

a card of tasteful de-

sign wishing their "Heathen" visitors a

Merry Christmas? The

answer is emphatically

in the negative. No; the only signs of the

Yuletide season in Rug-

ger are those which

may readily be recog-

nised when a match is

in progress which has

(most unwisely) been

arranged to take place

you will see passes-

Then

on Boxing Day.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by H. F. Crowther-Smith.



BEFORE my next week's notes can appear, another Christmas Day will have come and gone. If, therefore, I want to say anything in keeping with this festive season, it must be now. As a matter of fact, it is not very easy to blend the spirit of Father Christmas with that of the Rugger man. Even on Saturday next, though there are many important matches to be played that afternoon, you will not find that any attempt has been made to mark the festival. December 23 is almost Christmas Eve, and I see one very strenuous struggle is down for decision on that date between the two old rival Metropolitan clubs — Richmond and Black-

DEA FOR FANCY DRESS

mostly of the lobbed variety-taken with a vawn; and three-quarters-usually renowned for terrific pace-scarcely able to move beyond a jog-trot, so weighed down are they by over-indulgence at the previous

day's feast. I really do not know of anything more suitable to put into a Rugger man's stocking than—his own leg, foot and all! There are some games which lend themselves most helpfully to the ghastly task of choosing Christmas presents. Rugger is not one of them. Golf is—very much so. of them. Golf is—very much so. You can give a golfer clubs; or a dozen "Dimple Colonels," or "Why Nots." But you couldn't possibly present a man with even one Rugger ball. As the mere solitary fifteenth part of a team he could do nothing with it. A bee cannot swarm alone. A present of a set of goal-posts and touch-flags would be even more

unthinkable. Your only chance of doing anything in this way would be to search the shops for a set of "Parlour, or Table

Rugger.

There may not be such a thing on the market; but if there is, it would be sure to contain—besides "one solid leather ball" two pairs of extra strong goal-posts, touchflags, etc." On the lid of the box you would be told that "the game is suitable for any number of players" (it always is); that it "causes great fun and roars of laughter" (it always does); and that "no Christmas party is complete without it" (none ever is). And here is another instance of how awkwardly Rugger compares with other games

at Christmas time. I was recently shown a good idea for a golfer's ash-tray. It consisted of a silver dish with a golf-ball mounted in



the centre of it, on which to knock out your pipe. Well, I'm sorry, but as long as the Rugger ball remains the size and shape that it is to-day, the Rugger man will not have that kind of ash-tray for a Christmas present.
I once heard of an eccentric fellow—a

Rugger enthusiast—who had a special bed made for him. If I call it a four (goal) poster, you will probably see the idea of the design. His counterpane was grassgreen, and he had it marked out in white silk like a Rugger ground, with touch-lines, half-way line, ten-yards line, and everything.

It tickled him to go to sleep with his head in his own "twenty-five" and his feet in his opponents'! But he found it made him dream he was playing Rugger; and almost invariably he got shoved into "touch." As that meant he constantly found himself on the floor, he didn't think it was good enough, and gave up the idea.

I can think of one simple little giftwhich I feel sure some of our hard-working, conscientious referees would very much appreciate-and that is a new whistle. If any of you have a referee

to dinner, work a small silver one into the Christmas pudding along with the threepenny bits. Or conceal it in the after-dinner cracker. And now that I have touched on the subject of this little wind instrument and the man who blows it, I should like to say that the whole question of Rugger acoustics requires considerable development. Different kinds of games require different sorts of whistles. Whereas, for instance, the 'Varsity match needs only a soft, piano, dove-like note to coo out the instructions of the referee, I can think of other contests where a police whistle, blown fortissimo, or a steam hooter in full blast, would hardly prove adequate to express the referee's reasons for awarding a penalty.

B.L.JACOT, HARLEQUINS

Sometimes one comes across officials who are

artists on their little wind instruments. They seem to have the knack of making the whistle almost tell you why it was blown. When a player makes a "fair catch," and claims his "mark," one can discern a note of approval—almost congratulation. And after the scrum is formed and the ball coming in, he may find it necessary to use the whistle rather more frequently than he would like. At first the notes are of a coaxing, "please-don't-do-that" kind; but gradually they begin to express displeasure, until, at last, such a piercing screech of indignation rends the air that you can only

conclude some wicked player has wilfully broken all the laws of the game at once.

When you bear in mind that the whistle is the only musical instrument allowed on the field of play by the laws of the Rugby Football Union, it is surely up to the one man who is privileged to blow it to try and do his best with it. I believe that the referee who



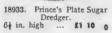
really has his heart in his work will devote at least an hour a day to practice.
This will not make him very popular with his neighbours; for though one wild shriek for a "penalty" has almost an inspiriting effect on the ear, a continual repetition of it would irritate. So also with the long, low call for "No side." We may in time get the art to such a pill not inst fection that the programme will not just coldly state the referee's name, but give him a word or two after it, thus: "Mr. H. B. Cotter, on his silver-toned whistle" "Mr. C. S. Bongard, and a whistle"; or just "Mr. F. C. Potter-Irwin—siffleur."



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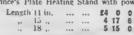
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AFTER THE BREAK-UP OF A SCRUM: A RACE FOR THE BALL.



AN OXFORD PLAYER COLLARED.



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The King and Prince George attended the University Rugger Match, by the decisive score of three goals and two tries (21 points) to one held at Twickenham last week, and the game was watched by a crowd of 25,000 people, so fifty thousand eyes saw Cambridge win

goal and one try (8 points). In spite of the score, the game was fast and exciting to the last blow of the whistle.

H.H., North Herefordshire, and Eridge Snapshots.



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Pratt are his grandchildren. Lady Hastings is Lord Henry Nevill's daughter by his second marriage, and the half-sister of Lady Camden.——Major A. C. Bovill is the Master of the H. H. (Hampshire Hunt). Our snapshots of this pack were taken at the meet at Bentworth Hall, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Howes.—[Photographs by S. and G. and P.I.C.]

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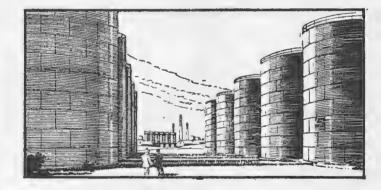
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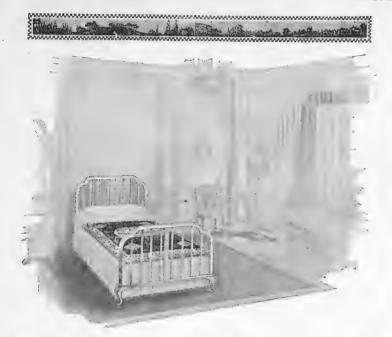
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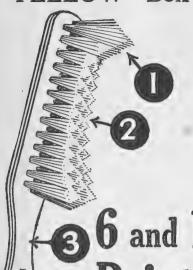
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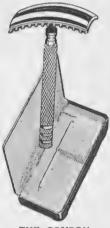


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"What's in a Name?" Battling Butler," the title of the bright musical comedy that has just been produced at the New Oxford Theatre, hardly suggests a fashion exhibition-in fact, quite the reverse; and yet, strangely enough, it is really a triumph of the dress-designer's art. Rarely does the stage display so many wonderful frocks in the course of one evening, and, for a change, it is not only the principals in the cast who have the privilege of wearing distinctive clothes. The chorus, instead of being dressed alike, all appear in different costumes, particularly during the third act, when the dresses are especially worthy of note, as they foreshadow the modes of the coming season.

Peacock and Snake Dresses.

A notable feature of all the dresses is their length, and the majority are extremely tight-fitting. Desirée, 7 Hertford Street, is responsible for them. A beautiful dress, at which many women will cast admiring and envious eyes, is of silver tissue, ornamented on the hip with a



A beautiful black musquash coat with a skunk collar which stands to the credit of the International Fur Store.

peacock-feather motif. A long train, depending from the shoulders, is designed in the form of a feather, and the beautiful green - blue colouring is reproduced in tinted satin. The ingenuity of the design lies in the fact that it is stiffened with some supporting substance, and can be picked up and used as a fan. A novel rôle for a train,



Her lovely ermine wrap hails from the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street.

surely! Steel tissue is employed for a remarkable frock with a heavy snake coiled twice round the hips. The venomous-looking head, with its gleaming red eyes, is most effective, and a smaller snake wound round the hair plays the part of head-dress. With this gown is worn a cloak of battikdyed silk.

One interesting innovation A Fish - Tail that should make history Train. in the world of dress is the fish-tail train which occurs in the magnificent evening gown worn by Miss Sylvia Leslie as the wife of the great boxer. Wide bands of shaded violet sequins are arranged horizontally over petunia-coloured tissue. The dress itself is long and tight-fitting, and is supported by sequin straps across the shoulders and back, for the décolletage is low. The head-dress to match is turban-shaped and decorated with magenta-coloured pearls. Miss Sydney Fairbrother wears a garden-party frock of jade-green georgette and black monkey fur in the first act, and accompanies it with a black lace picture hat decorated with the same fur. Her gown in the last act is of tango-coloured crêpe marocain, with sling sleeves that pass into the train. The cloak is of black chiffon velvet lined with tango silk brocade and finished with a collar of shaded ostrich feathers.

There is, of course, no need Furs and to elaborate the charm of Furriers. ermine; it is self-evident; and probably every woman, if asked what she considered the most desirable medium for evening cloaks or wraps, would favour this lovely, soft white skin. The two exquisite wraps illustrated on this page, as well as the black musquash coat with the skunk collar, owe their origin to the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street. Their name stands for reliability, superb workmanship, and real mastery of the furrier's art; and, in consequence, their advice on any subject connected with fur may be accepted unquestioningly, as they are known for their straightforward dealing.

In their artistic salons may Lapin for be seen delightful coatees Evening Wear. of white lapin, which are particularly suitable for young girls' wear.

The skin has been treated to resemble ermine, and the dead white fur is relieved by touches of black monkey fringe. One pretty model, which is moderately priced at £35, is tub-shaped, and held with a band round the hips, in which the "set" of the fur lies in a different direction from that throughout the rest of the coat. An edging of monkey fur surrounds the base of the upstanding collar, the cuffs, and the hem-band. Another charming short coat is composed of black crêpe marocain with vertical strips of lapin gathered at the top into a high collar, and at the hem into a wide band of fur. In this case the price is £30.

Qualities of Skunk.

By Mabel Howard

The Endearing Skunk is regarded by almost every expert on the matter as one of the finest fur investments it is pos-

sible to find. This splendid skin is not only handsome, exceedingly warm, and not exorbitant in price, but it is unrivalled from the point of view of durability. Good-quality skunk will give endless service without adopting the weary air which comes to less wear-resisting furs after a short period of use. The unpleasant smell which was once one of the greatest drawbacks to skunk is, of course, entirely eliminated by expert treatment. Skunk stoles may be obtained from this notable firm at prices ranging from 18½ guineas upwards. [Continued overleaf,



Ermine is again chosen by the International Fur Store for this stole-coatee.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By Mabel Howard.

Continued.

Coats and Cloaks.

After the long vogue enjoyed by check of all descriptions, plaid is coming into its own. It promises to be much in evidence in the New Year, and consequently Peter Robinson's, of Oxford Street and Regent Street, have utilised it for the fascinating coat model depicted just below. Scarlet and grey with white lines is the colourscheme, and the fur is soft pulled coney. The most interesting feature, besides the wide rucked collar, is the triangular piece of fur at the front of the hem. Lines of flat, nigger silk braid complete the square, and the lining is also of nigger-brown. Another effective coat is carried out in soutache—a narrow upstanding silk braiding which completely



Scarlet-and-grey plaid, decorated with pulled coney, makes this attractive coat model from Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street.

covers the underlying material. The square collar and the cuffs are of pulled silver coney, and the coat is lined with grey matallassé. Every visitor to the coat salon should see the evening cloaks, which are close neighbours. One beautiful model of wallflower-brown chiffon velvet is particularly worthy of notice. The material of the bodice is handdrawn into little ridged flower patterns, while the wrap portion is plain, and the flower work occurs again in a wide motif on each side of the hem.

Delicious Chocolates. Carelessly chosen presents are worse than useless; they are positively insulting, and if the gift is to consist of chocolates or cigarettes, in which quality is the first consideration, especial care should be taken to see that they are the best obtainable.

Tastes in cigarettes vary, but Pascall's Prince of Wales chocolates are sure of a warm welcome wherever they go, for they are really delightful. It is not only the chocolates themselves that are so good, but the packing, too, is excellent—a most important point, as daintiness is a great asset. They may be obtained in half-pound boxes at 2s. 6d., or pound boxes at 4s. 6d., from almost any confectioner of note.

The Vanity
Book.

The exquisite preparations for which the name of Morny Frères is world-famous have hitherto had their home only at 201, Regent Street. Now, in order to minimise the inconvenience of Christmas shopping in these last, crowded days of December, Morny Frères have opened additional salons at 199, Regent Street. There may be found the beautiful Presentation Coffrets, which contain wonderful Morny scents; and above all, perhaps, are the Morny Vanity Books. No woman worthy of the name could resist the charm of this exquisite little reproduction of a book, bound in tooled leather and decorated with gold. It is the daintiest thing imaginable, and thoroughly practical at the same time, for when the little fastening is undone the "cover" opens to reveal a mirror on the underside, and two little boxes of Morny lip-salve. The powder may be had in a variety of scents and shades, and the price of the Vanity Book is 21s. Illustrations and particulars of both Coffrets and Vanity Books will be sent free on request.

A Christmas Bazaar.

Now that the Christmas festivities are commencing, the question of pretty dancing and party frocks is of great importance. Maison Fifinella, 43, Buckingham Palace Road, shelters a number of charming taffetas frocks which may be had from 4½ guineas. Moreover, at the moment the beautiful dresses for which this establishment is famous share the salons with a Christmas bazaar, where the most attractive things may be obtained at moderate prices. There are beaten metal candlesticks of old design, brocade pochettes and bags, and handpainted pottery—an interesting collection, and well worth a visit.

The Preservation of Youth.

"A woman's age is estimated, not by her birthdays, but by her beauty," is the dictum of Mme. Helena Rubinstein, the famous beauty specialist, of 24, Grafton Street. Certainly the wonderful results obtained by her skill go far to prove the truth of the statement, for her treatments, though they cannot retard the passing of the old gentleman with the hour-glass, do eradicate all the give-away evidences of his passage, such as lines and wrinkles. The woman with little time to spare on the care of her complexion should adopt her half-guinea lesson treatment, which combines beauty-culture by trained assistants with instruction for subsequent home use. Sufferers from chilblains must note the fact that Mme. Rubinstein has evolved a splendid cure for this unpleasant complaint, which may be had for 5s. 6d.

The An interesting and practical quarterly periodical which every enthusiastic needlewoman will welcome is the Embroideress, which may be obtained through any needlework shop, bookseller, or else direct from Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Company, 32, Paternoster Row, E.C.4. It is beautifully printed, and illustrated in black and white, as well as with excellent colour-plates. Both modern and traditional embroidery are dealt with; and

the fourth issue, on sale now, contains instructive articles by experts on such subjects as "Some Near East Embroidery Designs," "An Embroidered Shirt of the Early Seventeenth Century," "The Exhibition of the Embroiderers' Guild," "Czecho-Slovakian Embroidery," and "Suggestions for Modern Embroidery from Coptic Designs." The annual subscription is 10s. 8d., but, beginning with next February, it will be 4s. 8d., post free.

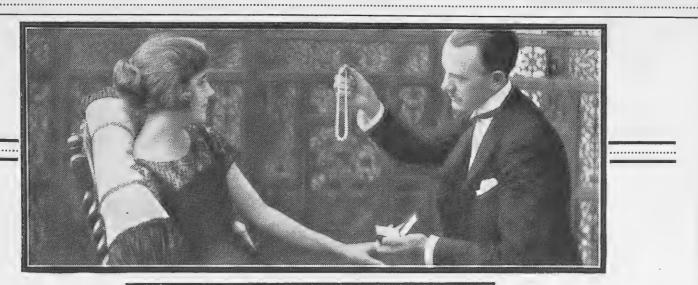
Sable is universally recog-Sable, the nised as the aristocrat of Aristocrat. the fur world, surpassing even the beloved chinchilla in the favour of woman. The soft warm brown shade, deepening in tone in the centre of the skin, is becoming to every type of face, and harmonises well with all other colours. The lovely eight-skin sable stole illustrated on this page hails from the salons of Coupars, of 49, Buchanan Street, Glasgow. They specialise particularly in American and Russian sables, of which they have a wide selection. Sable coats are so prohibitive in price as to be beyond the reach of all save fortune's particular favourites; but in other forms, such as stoles or wraps, sable, though costly, is still within the range of possibility, and the woman who possesses good sable has the privilege of knowing that her fur is the finest obtainable. Coupars,



A lovely sable stole from Coupar's, 49, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

of course, do not confine their attention to this skin, and in their well-illustrated booklet, which will be sent free on application, will be found particulars of many different types of fur at prices to suit all pockets.

[Continued overleaf.





Single Ciro Pearl Earrings on Solid gold mounts, £1 1s. per pair.



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Gold Scarfpin with marvellous pear-shaped or round Ciro Pearl. £1 1s.



Pretty Ciro 3-pearl Ring in Gold. £1 18.

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AND SHE WILL ADMIRE AND VALUE NOT ONLY THE GIFT BUT YOUR GOOD TASTE IN SELECTING IT.

CIRO PEARLS are an ever acceptable present to a woman, always in fashion, always appropriate, and never more than at the Christmas season.

Their brilliant sheen, perfect colouring and natural form make them such exact replicas of the Oriental pearl that it is impossible to tell one from the other, even when worn side by side. But while a string of real pearls may cost a fabulous sum, a necklet of CIRO PEARLS is within the limits of everyone's means. As a Yuletide offering, nothing equals a facsimile of a valuable pearl necklace, or one of the charming gifts shown on this page. If you come to our showrooms to select your Christmas Gift, your own eyes will convince you of the elusive charm and absolute fidelity of reproduction of CIRO PEARLS, but if this is not possible, then avail yourself of our wonderful postal service and

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl necklets may also be obtained in any length required at a cost of 1s. 4d. per inch. Attractive cases supplied with all goods, but specially fine cases as illustrated, 2s. extra, or for necklets, 3s. 6d. extra.

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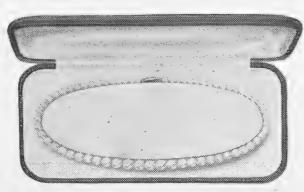


Illustration of our marvellous 16-inch Ciro Pearl Necklet - £1 1s. Other lengths at proportionate prices.



Lustrous Ciro Pearl Screw Dress-Stud on gold mount, £1 1s.



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Distinctive Platinette Brooch, with 3 Ciro Pearls copied from the genuine, 18.



Solid Gold Half - hoop Ring, with 5 Ciro Pearls, £1 1s.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Ingenious Toys. The wonderful toys to be seen in the salons of the Magasins du Louvre, in Oxford Circus, are delighting both old and young at the present moment. Among the most ingenious devices is the Carpentier-Siki boxing apparatus, which has already found a new home, but will remain on view for some time.

The new auto-skiffs, with a real rowing action, make gifts which all boys will appreciate; and another intriguing novelty is a pigeon-shooting range with four birds on a perch. Grand Guignol sets may also be obtained here, and there is a wide selection of rubber toys, gramophones, and wireless sets.

The price of popularity is exceedingly A Gift for Men.

heavy at this time of the year. The possession of numerous friends is generally an unalloyed blessing; but when, as at Christmas, they must all be suited with some carefully chosen gift, the task is by no means easy. If any of them are men, the difficulty is doubled, for every woman knows how hard it is to find suitable presents for them. The Williamson Hollow Ground Safety. them. The Wilkinson Hollow-Ground Safety Shaver is an ideal solution of the problem. Made of finest quality British steel, by skilled British craftsmen, this safety razor makes an excellent Yuletide offering, as the blades are extremely durable and will give almost endless service. The roller guard is a special feature which feeds the lather on to the cutting edge of the blade, and automatically guides the head of the razor at the correct



The set, comprising three blades, angle. an adjustable shaver holder, patent automatic stropping machine, and setting or honing handle, complete in a polished walnut case, costs 25s.

> Delightful Cigarettes.

All inveterate cigarette - smokers have

are, as a rule, averse from smoking any other kind. Those who have not yet settled themselves firmly in the smoking rut and are still searching for their ideal cigarette should certainly make a trial of "College" goldtipped cigarettes. They are both remarkably good and remarkably cheap - an important consideration in these days, when the giving of Christmas presents

is such a strain on the pocket. Gold-tipped cigarettes have always been a weakness of the fair sex, and even men have fallen victims to the idea, which saves them the

use of a cigarette-holder.

A Needlework

A competition which will appeal to all needlewomen Competition. has been organised by Clark's Anchor Mills, Paisley, Scotland. There are a large number of valuable money prizes, and no entrance fees. Children's knitted frocks, lingerie, embroidered traycloths, and many other articles more harmonic. cloths, and many other articles may be entered, and must be posted between February 1 and March 31, 1923. Particulars can be had from all drapers or direct from the Anchor Mills.







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A PERFECT GEM .- (Continued from page 508).

She leaned her elbows on the table then, and studied his face. He had never been like other men she had known. His cynicism afforded a mask through which she could only with difficulty catch the emotions back of his words.

Afterwards, when they were driving home,

he moved close to her in the car.

"Vel," he said, "it's been a delightful evening you've given me."

She looked up at him, almost anxiously.

"I always gave you a good time, didn't I?" she asked, a little tremulously.

"You know you did. . . . Vel . . you 're different from other women."

She sighed then, and leaned back on the cushions.

Then, suddenly, he was conscious that the lights had ceased

to flit by.
"We're stopped," he said wonderingly, as he raised his hand towards the door. But before he touched it the driver threw it open. He saw they were drawn up close against the pavement. He turned to Velma with a question in his eyes. She was watching him intently.

"I told him to stop here, at Geffroy's," she said. "They've a brooch in the window I'd like you to see."

He was silent as he got out and helped her to the pavement, and his eyes were a little harder as they turned to the lighted window.

The brooch was a cluster of diamonds, that lay a shimmering bit of cold white and gleaming yellow in a warm bed of velvet. For a minute they stood looking at it, then she turned to him.

" I'd like something from you to keep "she fingered the pin on her blouse-" and if it can't be this-

"I'd be glad to give it to you, Vel, but—"
"It's three hundred"—she seemed musing:

"It's not the value, but, you see, Helen comes here, and, if I should be seen with

She laid her hand on his arm. "We need not be together," she said. "You can buy it, and say your sister will call for it in the morning."

Inside, Velma affected to look at some

rings while Lindham bought the brooch. He was waiting outside when she came out.

He helped her into the taxi and was silent

She looked away, and for a long while stared at the people passing the window. she was conscious that the jeweller stood waiting. She opened her wrist-bag and took out a pin which she laid on the glass, where it glittered cold white.

"No," she said, reading the man's half-smile, "it's not the paste one I bought yesterday — I know that was only worth smile, fifty dollars. . . . I think this one is real."

The jeweller adjusted his glass, and examined the stone closely.

After several minutes he looked up.
"Yes," he said; "it is a perfect We'll be glad to give you a thougem. sand dollars for it." THE END.

> Pencils, like pins, have a wonderful knack of disappearing, particularly at the moment when they are most required. A

pencil that is always handy and, moreover, always ready for use is a splendid possession, as everyone will admit, and the Venus Everpointed pencil fulfils these particulars nobly. There are Venus pencils to suit every taste; but a presentation speciality which all will appreciate is the beautiful gold-mounted model illustrated on this page. Owing to the clip attachment it can safely be worn on the pocket. Particulars can be obtained from "Venus," Lower Clapton Road, E.5.

In the issue of *The Sketch* dated Dec. 6, the "Greys" cigarettes are quoted as is. 5d. for fifteen; is. 5d. for twenty is the correct price of these favourite cigarettes.



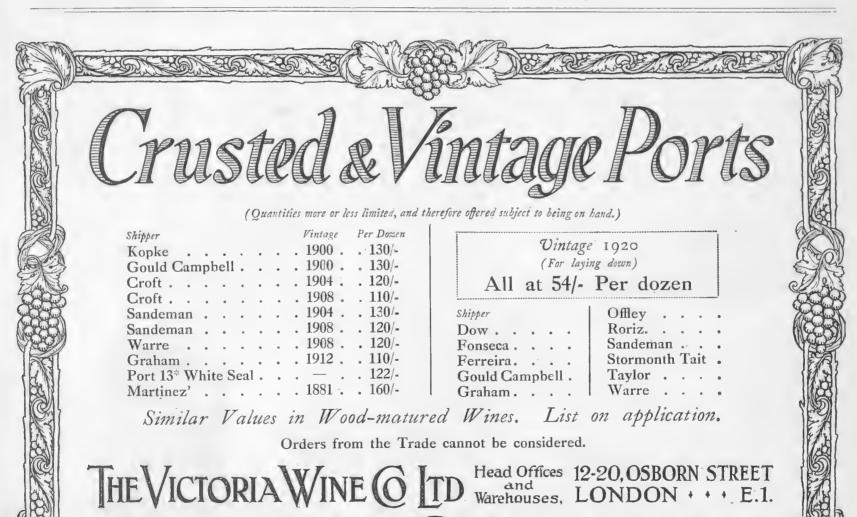
THE VENUS EVERPOINTED PENCIL

during the ride back to her apartment. He stopped at the door. He mumbled some polite good-night and was looking away when she touched his arm. He saw her eyes were very soft, and she seemed searching his own for something. She sighed as she pinned the gem on his tie.

"You may kiss me," she said softly-" on the lips this time. . . . Take all you can get . . . you know . . . " her laughter was very low.

The next morning the jeweller looked up

as Velma entered Geffroy's.
"The brooch," he said, in answer to her question; "oh, yes," then, "Why, after Mr. Lindham left last night he 'phoned saying he had decided to have it sent up at once. Sorry that you didn't know."







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PLAYS-WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

MUSICAL COMEDY, THE FUNNY MAN, AND THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The ingredients of success The Elements are one of the most mysof Success. terious things in the contemporary theatre. Or, indeed, in the theatre of any time. A management will roll up its sleeves, sit and think for three years, engage half the talent in London to appear in a play by a genius of European reputationand the thing will fall flat. And then (but perhaps at longer intervals) two young men in an attic will think of a silly situation which will make two countries laugh for years and get into speeches by solemn politicians, not to mention having new makes of soap and baby-carriages named after it, and all the other attributes of sweeping and indefeasible success.

Musical Music and . . . So it is also with Musical Comedy. Even that supreme form of moneymaking is subject to the same laws of material success which dictate the financial destinies of such humbler enterprises as Repertory Theatres, "The Cenci," "Hedda Gabler," and translations from the Greek. For musical comedies, as well as masterpieces, have been known to fail. Perhaps the first requisite of success is that the music should be musical. And conceivably the second element that is essential is that the comedy should be comic. Then we can get on.

Comic Comedy. But, obvious as it may seem, this idea would appear to have been kept a tight secret by a close little corporation of librettists and composers, resident mainly (one sinks the voice a note or two) on the banks of the

Danube. It is a humiliating thought, but quite incontrovertibly a true one, that the best operetta is still a Viennese operetta. That is that. And there is no getting away from it. Nor any particular reason for doing so, now that the war is over. The French have tried it with a certain sparkle. The Sons of Freedom out West have tried it with a costly and ponderous elaboration of scenic effects. It has been tried at Daly's and the Gaiety from pure wells of English undefiled; and the result is a pleasing and familiar form of national entertainment. But it is not operetta.

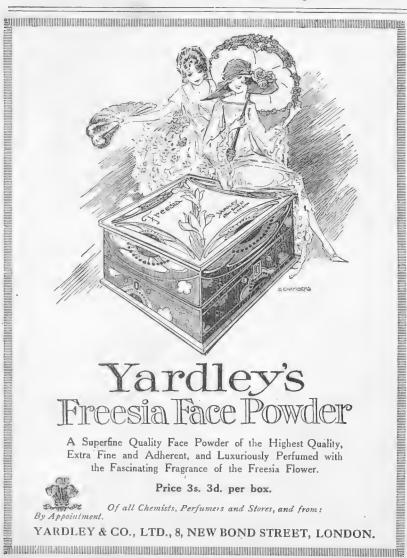
Anyway, the exacting Hurled into canons of success are all Happiness. satisfied by a good few of the musical comedies de nos jours. There is a pleasant tinkle of tunes, a reasonable extravaganza of plot. And sometimes there is an entertainer as able as Mr. Merson. Because he and he alone is the plum in the pudding. However surprising the result may be to the various authors, lyrists, composers, scene-painters, and producers whose work has gone to the composition of this harmless farrago, it is in the result a protracted turn by Mr. Merson. Subtract the plot, the tunes, the hero, the heroine, Subtract even the chorus—and you have still left with you to fill the evening the perfect skill of the Funny Man; and of that species a supreme member is Mr. Merson.

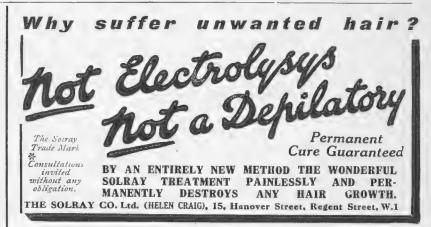
Mr. Billy Merson. His talent is precisely of the order that one finds in the later turns of the old music-hall. There is the perfect precision, the exact knowledge of the effect to be got, and the neat getting of it which you always expected in a first-rate variety performer. The Legitimate is often the home of slovenliness.

Anyone can get through a performance if he is helped out by twenty or thirty other people. But the variety artist is left alone with his own skill and the audience to make what he can of them. And the result is such achievements as those of Marie Lloyd, Dan Leno, George Formby—almost all the names that one can remember from the front ranks of the music-halls. And Mr. Merson's is well among the very foremost.

And the Rest. If you forget about the rest of your evening at a musical comedy, about the lively lady and her little friends, about the large ferocious lady, about the farcical profiteer, you will still have left the memory of Mr. Merson in the foyer, at the telephone, in the mazy whirl of unbelievable dances, or as the man behind the razor. His movements have a quick perfection. His expression moves in time with his feet, and he is altogether an admirable person.

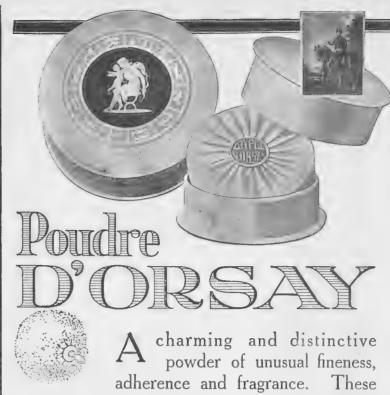
And that, when you get down to it, is the real The Lion Comique. element of safety in this class of production. The musical comedies of old ran because of the Funny Man. Making all allowance for romance and the drawing power of the heroines of the past, it was the Funny Man that made the piece go. One remembers with gratitude the charming presence of Miss Lily Elsie or Miss Gertie Millar on the scene. But what really stays in one's memory is the fact that it was a George Graves piece or an Edmund Payne piece—or even (coming to more recent times) a George Grossmith piece. That is the gap that Mr. Merson fills. He comes from the Halls. But he is really a musical-comedy farceur of the calibre of that particular generation of comic giants. And it is a pleasure to find one.











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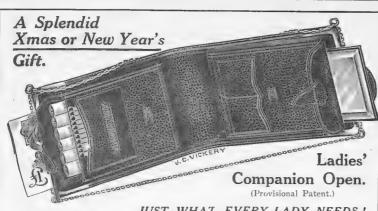
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especially in the enamel finish, looks remarkably well in any room. It is easily fitted in front of the ordinary grate or fireplace, and having an enclosed ash-pan avoids making dust or dirt. Size 2V, with Ventilating Extension, as £7 7 6 illustrated, from Let us send you full particulars free.

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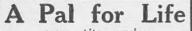
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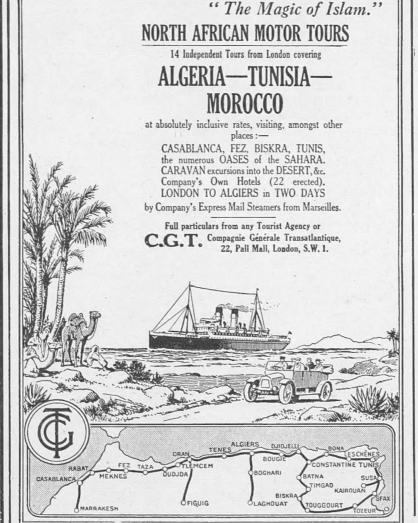
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GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

Warwickshire. The dog hounds had a fast twenty minutes on Thursday from Stoneythorpe Rough, pretty much to themselves, as wire stopped most people at the Southam Brook. The next day it was the turn of the ladies to go out, and "this splendid pack had a stunning run" after an outlying fox from Burton Hill to Bishop's Gorse, across the vale of the Red Horse by Owlington and Bedlam Farm, leaving Kineton on the left, near Mr. Puckle's new house, and on over Pool Fields. Very fast, until hounds crossed the road between Chadshunt and Kineton, and then a cold clay ploughed field delayed them, and probably saved the fox's life. There was a good deal of wild galloping and "which-waying?" at the beginning of this run on the part of the majority of the field, as all but a few got left on Burton Hill. We had quite a good hunt in the morning too, from Mollington Wood to Burton Hill, during which, I am sorry to say, Captain Samuel's good young horse broke his leg on the flat. Lord Willoughby came down from London, as usual, to take command on the Saturday at Sherbourne, when Champion was hunting the mixed pack, which ran rather well in the morning, from Littleworth, to ground somewhere near Claverdon, in the North Warwickshire country, and spent the rest of the day hunting various foxes in the Snitterfield country.

The Prince has been hunt-The York and ing regularly, except when Ainsty. he had a day off shooting pheasants at Warter Priory. Beyond a bit of an up-wind spin from Farnham Miers, after

the best-turned-out fox I ever saw, groomed within an inch of his life, his coat shining like a première danseuse's sables, and a good hound hunt down about Oxton Hall, lacking pace completely, they have done nothing.

The Bramham Moor, on the other hand, have done extremely well, despite the overwhelming drawbacks caused by motor-



AN ENGLISH PIANIST WHO HAS MADE GOOD: MR. FREDERIC BRANDON.

Mr. Brandon has just given three successful recitals, at the Steinway Hall. His return to the concert platform has aroused much interest.

cars, which turn up at fashionable fixtures in hundreds, in the hope of seeing notabilities. If, having seen, they would depart !- but, once there, they career about the country in the

wildest confusion. There is little doubt that if this continues serious changes will be made, in the direction of not advertising meets at all and postcarding members, or holding fixtures at places altogether unapproachable by wheels. They had a real good spin from Captain Edie York's covert to Lord Hawke's place a day or two ago. The line was an easy one as hounds actually ran; but if they had deviated a furlong or two either way there would have been some timber-cracking. A few days later the big Saturday's field saw three very good gallops over the grass: the Bramham field has more consistent thrusters than any field I know. Most packs have their outstanding men, their everyday stars; but this pack have a big proportion of men and women who are at all times prepared to have a go.

The meet on the Monday was Jedforest at Hunthill. It is at present Foxhounds. Foxhounds. occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Neilson, but is the home to which Lord Stratheden will bring his bride, probably in the spring. One of the best runs in the annals of the hunt took place-a nine-mile point, but, as hounds ran, about sixteen miles, tast most of the way for an hour and a quarter, when they killed their fox. Mr. Jermyn Moorsom (who is shortly to marry Miss Beatrix Oliver, daughter of Mr. Oliver of Edgerstoun, who wrote, among other books, "Ordeal by Battle") was presented with the mask, and Mr. Douglas of Hyndhope got the brush. Among others out were Mr. Robson Scott, M.F.H., and Mrs. Robson Scott, the Hon. Jean Campbell, Lady Usher, Mr. and Mrs. Leadbetter, Mr. and Mrs. Teacher, Mr. Turner, etc.



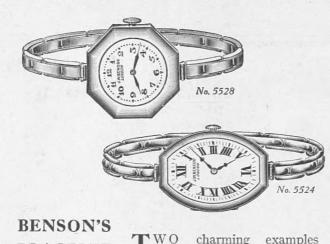
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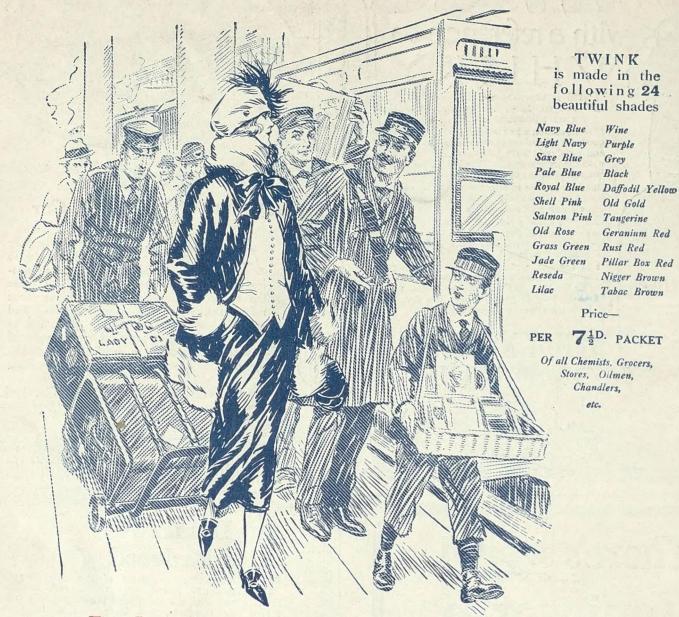
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